



THROUGH THE WOOD.
Through the wood, the green wood, the wet
wood, the light wood.
Love and I went Maying a thousand miles
Shabs of golden sunlight had made a golden
bright wood.
In my heart re-echoed, because I loved you so
Through the wood, the dark wood, the brown
wood, the bare wood.
I alone went lonely no man than last year,
What had thinned the bushes and wrecks
Killed the pale wild roses and left the rose
thorns sour?
Through the wood, the dead wood, the sad
wood, the lone wood.
What had thinned the bushes and old and gray
You past, forgetting the wood that was
our own wood.
All our own, and withered as ever a flower
of May.
—New York Tribune.

TRAIN CAN'T WAIT.

She is just 18, with golden hair and gray eyes—large gray eyes that laugh just as well as her red lips. Her figure, though a little frail, makes one think what a pretty woman she will be some day. Her hands and arms are those of a child. Is she not still a child? Clara left school but a fortnight ago. She is the beloved and only daughter of a rich man in the neighborhood of Avon.

Nothing is more popular than a walk in the country. It does not disturb the silence of the air with its monotonous tick-tack. On the contrary, it noise, strong and regular, is like an accompaniment to the many other noises of the wind, and of the trees, and of the birds. Clara was charmed with it all.

During a few days after her arrival, the whole house was upset, making and receiving calls, dinner parties, dancing parties, tea parties—no days were not long enough to hold their pleasures. Then all was quiet at the mill.

In the church, which was large, the walks were spread over with sand, and the trees loaded with fruit, afforded a beautiful shady grove. This was Clara's favorite nook. Here she would go and read poetry. She had been given the works of Lamartine beautifully bound. Now, Lamartine is a very tender poet, and Clara was still in her teens, and this was summer, and the fragrance of the flowers and the humor of the poems, and the interest on her face, caused through this she had never dreamed of things that she had never dreamed of in the hard life they lived.

Tom's sister came into a world where she had no welcome, belonging as she did to the class of aliens as if she had been named like a typical one of their sort, "No Name Sal" or "Not Wanted Lub." If she ever had a name, one never heard of it, for she was simply known as "Tom's sister."

She was 5 years old when the boy desired instead of her unwelcome of his middle aged parents from the hour of his birth. The devotions began.

He was a beautiful, fractions boy; she, an unattractive, gentle girl, and she fled before him. Tom, when any danger threatened him, responded every privilege except that of breathing and loving, that he might find happiness in the hard life they lived.

For there was worse than poverty to overcome: there was ignorance, pain, sickness, and a barren home atmosphere, which gave all the feelings of despair.

Tom's sister learned, so that she could teach Tom, who resisted and tormented her, but was bright enough to become a scholar because he wanted to know much about the world that he did not know, and, when he was old enough to go into it and make his fortune.

One day he wrote. Without any good-
e, because he hated to face his people, he did not give them his consent.

Like many another youth he took his work in his own hands before he had served his apprenticeship, determined to make a ~~mark~~ or spoil a horn.

He wrote when he reached his destination, and his sister answered the letter. Neither his father nor mother had practiced the art of penmanship, and it was taken for granted that the girl, who had no other pleasure in life,

At first he was soon coming back, then there was a long silence, and the old folks were so wretchedly unhappy that Tom's sister went to visit him and said some time, writing home that Tom was well and happy very busy.

When she returned the letters had not been delivered, so waiting for him to read them, reading being an accomplishment the boy had never acquired. The girl knew this, but supposed they would ask a neighbor's assistance. But they had their proper proportion of pride and believed that the letters contained no bad news and were content to wait.

So Tom's sister read them aloud, and then filled up the breach between them and the next letter from Tom.

That letter was a long time coming, but it brought good news and more words of affection than Tom had ever used before. He had a good situation, was very busy, but would worry, when posted. They were not to worry, as he was.

Just as Tom's father was getting ready to go and make the boy a visit Tom went west and wrote home that he had gone to get up with the country.

His sister took his absence very hard. She grew white and silent, and now Tom never wrote to her—only sent an occasional message, but even that failed to cheer her.

But the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

Then, the old people were well pleased with the news of their boy's success as told by himself. And so the years went on, and Tom married and promised to bring his wife home some day and sent her picture, but none of himself, giving some trivial reason for not doing it. And his parents knew it was so when he came home.

But before that could happen Tom's father and mother passed away, one dying of some fatal complaint, the other following from force of habit, as is often the case when two who live together many years are parted. Not sentiment nor affection always, but simply an inability to live without the other.

and might be a very nice fellow—but what a difference between the two!

"Your cousin is a charming girl," said Jack.

"Oh yes, but she is only a school-girl."

"Well, what else can she be? She is just out of school and not a woman yet. Do you know what were your thoughts as I looked at you both?"

"How can I know?"

"I was thinking that you would make a pretty couple."

"Now, Jack, what harm have I ever done that you should want to chain me down?"

"Are you not 25?"

"Is that old age?"

"I have never seen an old man to your cousin, who will be only 19 next year?"

"In two years she will be 20—that will be better still. Then I will be a serious man and an M. D."

"Clara is a good match; our fortunes are about equal. I think I might make a living in this country. Well, who knows what may happen to us?"

"I think your cousin deserves better than that, and you ought to be in love with her."

"What! Love at first sight! I do think you are pretty, but—plenty of time!"

Everybody seemed happy at the mill—especially Clara, who listened with pleasure to the complaints of her cousin, and even clapped to be with her, and she thought him so witty that she quite forgot to see her own wit before him.

In the meantime she was hoping that he would propose before going back to Paris; but the last day dawned, and he had not said the least word about marriage. She hoped till the last hour; then, at the last minute,

Albert gave a kiss all around and said to her: "I will come back next year. I will write to you and send De Musset's works, as I promised."

She plucked up courage and said to him, "Is that all you want to promise, Albert?"

He understood what she meant, but would not promise more, and as his eyes rested on the clock he said: "Goodby, cousin; the train is here—it cannot wait."

The life of a student, especially that of a student who does not study, is just as tiresome as any other.

There comes a time when he gets tired of beer, wine and cigars.

Albert was in one of his dark days. Since morning he had felt cross, and would not even smoke; his pipe lay on his table with a pile of books and dirty papers. His teeth were poor, and the fingers of Clara's hands had申申ed him for him during the week he had spent with her. Then he was also reminded that he had promised to write and send De Musset's works. He felt unhappy at these thoughts and remorse made him go out to repair his forgetfulness.

There is a knock at the door. The servant brings up a letter to him. It is from his mother.

"Oh yes, indeed!" said she. This answer came from her heart. She flushed before him. Tom, when any danger threatened him, responded every privilege except that of breathing and loving, that he might find happiness in the hard life they lived.

Clara was about to say, "Oh! I am glad I am," but she thought it more proper to say nothing.

"Well," said Clara, "I have not seen him for two years. I suppose he is changed."

"Not more than you," said her mother.

Tommy had been boasting about his new brother.

"How old is he, Tom?" asked the policeman.

"Two weeks," said Tom.

"He's very small, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Tom, "he's pretty small—that is, all except his voice."

His Pleasure.

Priscilla—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.

Old New Brother.

Tommy—Your husband did not accompany you?

Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here—Truth.